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A

TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. SARAH L. POWERS,

WHO DIED SUDDENLY OF APOPLEXY, AT

AUSTERLITZ, N. Y., JAN. 2, 1862.

A Sermon Preached at that place Jan. 19, 1862.

BY HER HUSBAND, REV. P. O. POWERS.

PITTSFIELD, MASS.
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SERMON.

I COR. 15 : 10.

BUT BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM WHAT I AM.

If any apology were necessary for intruding upon your attention some account of a life that in such an unexpected moment has come to a sudden and abrupt termination among you, it would be this. The subject of it came a stranger to this place; she was with you but a few days—less than six weeks—and partly owing to the season, and partly owing to the feebleness of her health, she had made the acquaintance of but few of you; and moreover, the interest and sympathy manifested by those few around her dying bed, their kind attentions shown to her lifeless remains, as also their many acts of friendship conferred upon the living, lead me to hope they will not be uninterested in a brief account of the life of one whose death has spread such sadness among us. On some accounts this task might with more propriety be performed by another. Another hand might doubtless do it with more impartiality. The speaker cannot be supposed to be a disinterested witness. At the same time, no one else can be supposed to have been so well acquainted with the character of the departed. And as it will be my object, not to eulogize, not to paint a perfect character, but to exhibit life as it was, in the midst

of its stern realities, striving to fulfill its high aspirations amidst cares and toils, and weaknesses and perplexities,—often "faint yet pursuing," and on the whole making steady progress "upward and onward," till there was a complete triumph of divine grace, and the soul exclaiming as it took its departure, "by the grace of God I am what I am," was prepared for a blessed transferrence to the world of holiness and of bliss. I say as *this* is my object, I cannot but hope that some considerations may be presented which will aid and encourage those who are still in the same scenes of conflict, and who have yet to walk through the dark valley of the shadow of death. The life of every individual Christian ought to teach us all some important lessons. The outer life, and the inner experiences of no two individual pilgrims on the road to the Jerusalem above, are precisely alike; and yet there are such great points of resemblance that something may be learned from the experience of the most humble and undistinguished follower of Christ. It is not claimed for the subject of the following remarks, that in certain aspects of her piety, she was at all distinguished above the many devout Christians who are found in all the humbler walks of life. Her piety was not emotional—was not demonstrative. She said to others but little of her experiences—of her joys or her sorrows—her conflicts or her victories. In her intercourse with all *save one*, she was not particularly communicative in respect to all these personal matters. But if religion consists in living with great singleness of purpose, and that purpose the right one; if it consists in a conscientious discharge of the duties growing out of our relations to God and our fellow-men; if it consists in being governed by principle rather than by impulse; if it consists in a meek submission and cheerful resignation under life's heaviest burdens and deepest sorrows, then was her piety of a high order—then

was she eminently religious, then was she most emphatically, *by the grace of God what she was.* Nature did for her much, but grace did for her more. Let that grace which she adorned while living, and to which she ascribed all that was good in her, be magnified now that she is dead.

Mrs. Powers was born in Stockbridge, Mass., Jan. 27, 1824, and conesquently at the time of her death had very nearly completed her thirty-eighth year. Her parents, Mr. Frederick Perry and Mrs. Zerujah Perry, still live to mourn her loss under the already oppressive burden of years and infirmities. She was the youngest of three children, all daughters. In her very early life, she was a slender and delicate child. But by much out-door exercise, such as was suited to her childish tastes, she acquired vigorous health and great power of endurance. She had a great amount of resolution, or determination of purpose, which was sometimes troublesome, till it came under the influence of divine grace, but which, when brought under such influence, gave her great efficiency and weight of character. Whatever she undertook she would carry through, regardless of consequences. It is related of her as illustrative of this trait of her character, that while yet a child she was visiting at an Uncle's in the same town, when a violent snow storm arose at the very time she had fixed upon for returning home, and home she would go; all reasoning to dissuade her was in vain. Her Uncle, seeing her fully determined to breast the storm, harnessed his horse and started with her in his sleigh. But finding it impossible to force his horse through the deep and drifted snow, he was compelled to turn back. But there was no turning back with her. Onward she forced her way, regardless of the pitiless storm that was beating upon her, or the accumulation of snow that threatened to engulph her. Stopping at a neighbor's to rest and warm, a man was sent with her to see that she

did not perish by the way. Her uncle, leaving his sleigh at home, mounted his horse and once more turned back to seek the child that would not listen to entreaty. And when she entered her father's house, half dead from exhaustion and cold, he finished his rebuke by saying, "he would not have taken his oxen out in such a storm." It is easy to censure such conduct as folly and rashness. But there was the embryo missionary, who, matured in judgment and aided by grace, always met duty promptly and fearlessly, and bore the trials and vicissitudes that lay in her path without one complaint, and with a strong and trustful heart.

But it was not always in breasting the furious storm that she carried out her own inflexible purpose. While yet very young, she resolved to be a Christian, and before she was ten years old she became a hopeful subject of divine grace and formed a solemn purpose, God willing, that she would be a missionary. She, however, did not make a profession of religion till she was about fifteen years old, when, as I am informed, she gave to the Church in Curtisville, with which she became connected, a very clear and satisfactory account of that great change which had been wrought in her heart. Her purpose to become a missionary she never lost sight of, but labored assiduously to qualify herself for the responsible work she had in view. She acquired her education mostly at the Albany Female Academy, where she studied with her accustomed ardor not only by day, but also during a large part of the night, when her nervous system became so much disordered that she used often to rush out of the house when all its other inmates were asleep, and jump up and down on the snow to quiet her irritated nerves. In her youthful enthusiasm she undertook to graduate one year sooner than she should have done, and at length her general health completely broke

down, and before the end of the term when her graduation was to have taken place, she was compelled, with many bitter regrets, to leave the school. Her revered teacher, however, (Mr. Crittenden, now of Brooklyn, N. Y.) sent her a diploma, as having been truly and honorably merited. Here again, it is easy to see that in pursuing her studies at such late hours at night, she did not act wisely. But where we see one such ardent and determined spirit moving too fast, do we not see scores of others that move too slow?

In the summer of 1841, when the subject of these remarks was in her eighteenth year, she went to Washington and was employed as teacher in a large boarding school for young ladies, many of whom were the daughters of congressmen. And as she had been the diligent pupil, so she now became the earnest and faithful teacher. While there she had several conferences with the educated and gentlemanly Col. Pitchlyn, agent of the Choctaw nation, in reference to her going out as a teacher among his people. And she was expecting to take up her abode among the red men of the forest as teacher of their children, when, on the 6th of October, 1842, most unexpectedly to her, she received a proposition to go as a missionary to Turkey. As she had already decided on being a missionary, she was not long in disposing of this proposition. And, although a sleepless night followed, the next day, with characteristic promptness, she gave an affirmative answer; and six weeks from that day saw her and her husband afloat upon the broad Atlantic, in the direction of Smyrna. Her first place of residence in the east was the city of Broosa, once the capitol of the Turkish Empire, previous to the taking of Constantinople, and one hundred miles south from that city. After residing there between two and three years, the exigencies of the mission in Trebizond, six hundred miles east from Constantinople on the Black Sea, required her hus-

band to remove thither, and that city became the place of her residence for eleven years, including one year spent at Marsovan, in the interior of Asia Minor, domestic affliction in the family of the occupant of that station making it necessary that he and her husband should for a time exchange places — exchanging pulpits, houses, furniture, libraries and kitchen.

One of the winters spent in Trebizond, she kept house alone, her husband being in a native family in the city of Sivas, far in the interior, in the prosecution of his missionary work. The long six months of that winter were filled with a succession of trials. Her daughter, then five years old, had her first serious sickness. A pious young Armenian Protestant, of consumptive habits, whose only home was her family, rapidly declined and died. A poor Armenian woman, who had been to her a faithful servant in sickness and in health, was prostrated by sickness in a state of great destitution and want of attention. She brought her to her house and cared for her as for a sister. But the fanatical priests would not let her die in the house of a heretic, and so forced her back to end her course in more severe, but perhaps less protracted sufferings. And last of all, there were troubles in the church, and many hard, and unreasonable things were said, about her absent husband, which deeply affected her. These things are now all past and gone, and most of the persons concerned are where they are no longer affected by the scenes of this world. But at the time, they fell with crushing weight upon the sensitive nature of one who had not been accustomed to go *alone* to the only source of comfort and support, in every hour of trial and of sorrow.

But there were other and still sorer trials. During the years that she was in Broosa and Trebizond, repeated domestic misfortune, under most unusual and aggravated

circumstances, often confined her to her bed for weeks, and to her house for months, destroying her health, undermining her naturally fine constitution, sending disorder into the delicate net-work of the nervous system, and putting her cheerful meekness and christian resignation to a severe test. All this in a foreign land, away from the comforts of home and the sympathies of endeared friends, and under the enervating influence of a warmer clime, which very injuriously affected her health. It was impossible that even her firm determination, her elastic spirit, her cheerful, joyous nature, should bear up under this accumulation of trial, and suffer no injury. Hence it was that she often felt that her weaknesses, infirmities and nervousness were getting the mastery over her—that she was losing the balance of her mind and her wonted self-control. And many years ago, and many times during these years, has she expressed an apprehension that she would one day become deranged and lose the use of her mind altogether; or that she would become so weak, nervous and fidgety as to be a burden to herself and to her friends; and many a prayer has she offered up that she might not see that day. And God has heard her prayer. He has taken her away while she yet had the free use of her mental faculties—when she was enjoying life—and when, by her counsels, her prayers and her bright christian example under affliction, she was perhaps never more useful—when she was a comfort and not a burden to herself and others.

It was in the hope of benefiting her health and that of her daughter, that, by permission of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, she, with her family, returned to the United States in the autumn of 1856, after an absence from the country of a little more than fourteen years. Revisiting the scenes of her childhood, intercourse with endeared friends and the air of her native hills conspired

greatly to improve her health. She climbed the hills and went through the glens familliar to her earlier years. She visited Chicago and the west—the Capitol and the grave of Washington—Boston and Mount Auburn, and the Bunker Hill monument, and many other places and objects, and enjoyed all with a youthful zest. She joined the assemblies—small and great—of God's people, in the worship of the sanctuary, and her soul was refreshed. And the more she traveled and the more she saw of the good things of this goodly land, the more she felt the desirableness of diffusing abroad the blessings of the Gospel in that benighted land where her lot had been cast. And she turned her face again toward the East with even more of interest and of enthusiasm than when she first went out. Her health and spirits had been greatly benefited, and she seemed to have a fair prospect for another long campaign in the missionary work. Near the close of her visit, a mother in Israel, now in heaven, inquired of her, if she felt satisfied with her visit in this country? To which she promptly answered, "Yes; that she had seen more and enjoyed more than she had anticipated." And although she was never more deeply impressed than now with the contrast in respect to the comforts and conveniences of life, between this land and that to which she was now going for the second time, still without a misgiving or a tear, she again bade adieu to aged parents and other friends, and again turned her back on native land, expecting no more to see either it or them. She sailed from Boston with her family, June 28, 1858, and reached the same place again July 20, 1861, having been out of the country a little over three years. The place of her last residence in the East was the ancient Antioch, where "the disciples were first called Christians." That is, Antioch was her winter residence, while the summers were spent in Kessab, a village

in the mountains, some thirty-six miles from Antioch. In January, 1860, she experienced what was called a slight shock of paralysis, from which she partially recovered, but it cast an ominous shadow over her future. In October of the same year she was prostrated by another shock. It was now felt that she could not live there. In the language of another, "Turkey is a miserable land to be sick in." And in the hope that life might be prolonged and health possibly benefited, it was now determined to return to this country. The result is before you.

I must not omit to make grateful mention of the loving kindness and tender mercy of our covenant keeping God towards her, all the way from Antioch, till her spirit took its departure for the better land. It is difficult to see how her journey and voyage homeward could have been made more comfortable and pleasant. While waiting for a vessel in Smyrna, she was permitted to visit Constantinople and bid adieu to her numerous and endeared friends there, with whom, in former years, she had been associated. On reaching this country, its bracing atmosphere, its wholesome diet, its charming roads and carriages, its thousand comforts and conveniences, and more than all, its refined and christian society, all operated like a charm upon her susceptible nature, and her spirits revived and her health improved. Nor must I fail to say that she was exceedingly grateful for the pleasant accommodations and kind attentions which she enjoyed in the place of her last forty days residence. May he who rewards the giving of a cup of cold water to a disciple in the name of a disciple, richly reward all those who, in any way, administered to the comfort and happiness of her last days.

I have thus far confined myself to a brief sketch of the prominent *facts* in the life of Mrs. Powers. It remains that I say something of her mind and heart—of her character

as a christian and a missionary. This is much the more difficult part.

Mrs. Powers was blessed with superior powers of mind. Her mind was remarkably quick and active. Her perceptive faculty was strong. Her memory was singularly retentive. Her imagination was lively. She comprehended all matters that came before her at a glance. She read understandingly and with great rapidity; and when she had finished a book, she could tell what it contained. As a pupil in school, she learned with great facility, and remembering what she had once learned, she stood high as a scholar. And in her missionary career, she acquired great fluency in the use of a foreign language. She possessed no ordinary amount of general intelligence. She kept herself well informed on all the great interests and movements of society in every part of the world. The troubles in which our own country is involved deeply affected her heart, and she watched the utterances of the foreign press with the liveliest interest. In common with others, she had felt much anxiety about the Mason and Slidell affair. But the afternoon and evening before her death, with tears of joy, she read herself, and listened to the reading of, a long and able letter from the pen of that eminent Frenchman, Count Gasparin, in respect to that affair, and went to sleep that evening consoled with the thought that our glorious country was safe, and, in the estimation of the nations of Europe, would lose nothing in the end by having given up those men, but would stand unmeasurably higher for it. She loved her country with a rare devotion, and she taught her children to love it.

She had, in an unusual degree, a cheerful disposition and buoyancy of spirits. In her childhood and youth she was playful and lively. She had a keen relish for all childish sports. She was fond of rambling through the fields and

meadows, and gathering wild flowers, and turning everything into a source of enjoyment. She read all amusing books and pleasing stories—not that these were the only books she read. She was fond of pleasantry and merriment even, and a vein of humor, and something like wit, ran through all her conversation, making her a most lively and agreeable companion. And I will not disguise the fact that during the first years of our wedded life she sometimes carried this thing so far as to give me uneasiness. But for many years past I have looked upon it in altogether a different light. Seeing how much of pain, weakness, privation and trial she had to go through; and how her natural cheerfulness did not desert her under the most depressing circumstances; and how physicians and other friends have counted it a rare privilege to spend half an hour at her cheerful bedside, I came to look upon her buoyancy of spirit as a most kind provision of Providence—as so much stock in hand—so much capital to carry her safely through every trying emergency. And I have no doubt but it added years to her life. And honesty here compels me to add that her uniform cheerfulness, her smile of contentment, her always looking upon the bright side of things, her words of encouragement under the pressure of cares and perplexities, in a word, that her cheerful disposition did even more for her husband than for herself. At the time of their marriage, he was regarded as a broken down man. His friends every where tell him that he is a younger man now than he was then. And, under God, he owes it very much to her influence that he has held on so long and been able to accomplish what he has. Nor did her cheerfulness exert a salutary influence on him alone. It made all cheerful about her. It worked like magic to dispel gloom and despondency. Last November she walked with trembling step into the study of a minister, just recov-

ering from fever. He felt sad and dejected—decidedly blue, as he said. She at once entered into conversation with so much life and vivacity, and on such a variety of topics, that when he thought of her state of weakness and disease, he felt silently reproved, and at once put himself again in communication with the world of life and duty. In health and in sickness—except in some cases of extreme prostration by disease—her presence made all sunshine about her. And now, when I see children and youth full of innocent glee, full of life, and mirth, and jollity even—not roguishness and mischief—not roughness and vulgarity, but a lively, cheerful, joyousness of disposition, I say, happy children! happy youth! you have something to be thankful for, and something for which you will doubtless have abundant occasion before you get through with all the vicissitudes of life. That Mrs. Powers retained her wonted cheerfulness to the end, may be attributed to three things. First—it was natural. As has been already remarked, she was blessed with a large share of it by nature. And in health and childhood she could not have been or done otherwise. But not so in after years, when her whole physical system had become greatly impaired, and in her extreme nervousness, she endured an amount of suffering which those only can appreciate who have had a like experience. At such times, something more than nature was needed. *Grace* was needed, and grace was vouchsafed to her. It was her religion that sustained her at such times. It was her looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Religion never made her gloomy. But it made her cheerful and happy, when, without it, she would have been miserable and wretched. Add to these the strong determination of her will. I have already referred to her apprehension lest she might one day become insane, or be reduced to such a state of imbecility and nervous irritation,

as to be a burden to herself and friends. And she braced herself against such a calamity. She would not yield to the natural and almost inevitable tendencies of disease. She struggled hard to prevent mind and heart from contracting the weakness, disease and irritation which pervaded her physical frame. And she came off victorious. She triumphed, however, not by her own strength, but by the grace of God and the blood of the Lamb.

Another trait of Mrs. Powers' character was perfect transparency. There was in her no art, no guile, no concealment, no borrowed appearances. But a perfect simplicity, frankness, openness, outspokenness. No one need see her a second time to become acquainted with her. Hers was not exactly the gentle, faultless spirit that never utters an unguarded word. But if ever such word escaped her lips, or an improper act escaped her hand, no person was ever more ready to make free and full acknowledgment. Nor could she have a moments peace till full reparation was made. And whenever she used the language of commendation, or compliment, she was understood to mean just what she said. She knew not to give flattering titles. She could not use the language of unmeaning compliment.

In respect to her christian character, it may be remarked, that although she became hopefully a child of God, before she was ten years old, and always so regarded herself, and was so regarded by others; and although, during those early years, the governing purposes of her life were brought fully under the control of religion, still, it was not till after she entered on her missionary work, that she experienced what may be called *a second conversion*, which gave to her piety fairer proportions, more completeness, beauty and excellence. For several years after she went to Turkey, she was often in great darkness and distress of mind in respect to her relations with God, fearing greatly that she

had been deceived—that she had never been truly born of the Spirit. She never indulged a thought of having been hypocritical—in all her professions of piety she had been strictly honest. But she was afraid she had been under a fatal mistake. Those seasons of mental anguish which so often sent her weeping to her closet, I doubt not, were aggravated by her impaired health, and the derangement of her nervous system. But their primary and chief cause was her views of the strictness of God's law, and her inability to fulfill its requirements—her fixing her eye so steadily on Mt. Sinai instead of the cross of Christ. At length, despairing of ever being able to satisfy her own conscience in respect to the requirements of a law *that is exceeding broad*, she unreservedly and with an entireness of purpose, cast herself at the foot of the cross, and looked by faith to a bleeding Saviour to cancel all her defects and all her sins. There she found peace. There she found a balm for all her sorrows—all her spiritual ailments. There it was that the feelings of her heart found exact expression in the following beautiful hymn, which thenceforth to the day of her death became one of her greatest favorites:

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

From that to the time of her departure to the better land, I am not aware that she ever expressed a doubt about her being a child of God. She was tenderly alive to a sense of her own short comings and positive transgressions. But she always knew where to go for pardon and consolation. Nor did she go in vain. From that time she embraced with new interest the doctrines of grace—salvation by faith. Christ and his cross henceforth were all her theme. In deepest humility and entire renunciation of self, she bowed her whole soul at the foot of the cross, and looked up with unwavering faith to a bleeding Saviour, who was now to her most emphatically the chief among ten thousand—the one altogether lovely. Her faith took hold on Christ and appropriated to her own comfort and benefit all the blessings he had to bestow on a soul diseased and ruined by sin. The preaching that she loved was Christ and him crucified. Metaphysical preaching she could not endure. Dry Theological discussions, about hair splitting differences she could not listen to, and more than once here in Austerlitz has she with a pleasant smile, left the room when such discussions were going on. What she wanted was the very marrow of the Gospel—something that would feed her never dying soul. From the time of this her second conversion, the Gospel was to her as it were a new power. In the first place, it secured to her grace and help from on high, gave her more of self-control and enabled her in good part to avoid those things which had so often burdened her conscience. And in the second place, when she did fail in her duty, she could bring her wounded conscience to the

mercy seat with all freedom and joyful confidence for relief and consolation, and the new experience which she at this time acquired of the healing power of the Gospel, its power to give peace, comfort and support to the soul, I doubt not was a most gracious and invaluable preparation for that series of trials and afflictions which she was to pass through—that baptism of suffering which she was yet to receive. Certain it is that henceforth her piety shone with new lustre. She studied the Word of God with great diligence and with an application to her own heart and life. Few have had a more intimate acquaintance with that blessed Book which is a light to our feet and a lamp to our path. She was ~~meek~~ much and earnest in prayer. Prayer was her comfort and support. And her prayers brought down blessings, not upon herself alone, but upon others—upon her family. Alas! for the want of those prayers now. She was conscientious in the discharge of every thing which she regarded as duty, and in avoiding every thing which she regarded as not duty. She had a strict regard for the sacredness of the Sabbath, and her children were early taught, which of all their numerous little books were suitable reading for the Sabbath, and which were not. And on the last Sabbath which she spent on earth, after the public services of the sanctuary, as her husband was reading from *The Independent*, she reminded him that the piece he was reading was more suitable for a week day, and he turned to one of another character.

We do not usually associate deep and fervent piety, and a faithful discharge of closet duties, with so much liveliness and buoyancy of spirit. But in her case the two were perfectly compatible. Her lightness of heart and the joyousness of her social life, were as natural to her as the gambols of the frolicsome lamb, and did not unfit her for retirement and communion with God. And there was something inexpressibly charming and beautiful in this combination of

so much vivacity of mind, such high enjoyment of social life, with her deep toned piety.

As a missionary, she considered it her first and great duty to make a comfortable, pleasant and happy home for her husband, rightly judging that if there is a man in the wide world who needs such a home, it is the lone missionary in a foreign land, and also that the example of a well regulated family, exhibiting the domestic virtues and the christian graces in beautiful harmony, is one of the most powerful auxiliaries to missionary influence and success. But delicacy forbids me here fully to state how faithfully she discharged this duty. Suffice it to say, that whatever a true, kind, loving and confiding heart could do, she did. It made little difference whether her lot was cast in the full city, or on the lone mountain side—in the midst of civilization and refinement, or among the mud hovels of a rude and ignorant peasantry, hers was the same cheerful, happy home. I must not tell how many times, crushed with the cares and perplexities of my missionary work, her cheerful smile, her encouraging words, have at once taken half the burden from my heart. Nor must I tell how assiduously, how prayerfully, she watched over her children, guarding them against the contaminating influences by which they were surrounded, and training them to habits of virtue and piety. And it is pleasant not to be able to call to mind any instance in this country, when christian parents have expressed an unwillingness to have their children associate with hers. The time has been when it was thought that the children of missionaries must necessarily come to this country laden with the vices of the polluted among whom they were born. And I know of more than one or two missionary hearts that have been stung to the quick by such insinuations. But Mrs. Powers was more than mother and teacher to her children. She was playmate to them—engaging with them in all their childish sports and amuse-

ments, with all the zest of her own childish days. She thus secured their confidence and love, and bound them to her heart by ties that death itself cannot sever. And never perhaps has her influence over them for good been so great and important, as during the last year. It was on the last Sabbath, she spent in Antioch, that she had the happiness of welcoming the elder to the Lord's table with her, and her influence over the younger, in soothing his mind under provocation and wrong, and in inculcating right feelings and principles, was almost unbounded.

Of direct missionary work, it may perhaps be said, "she hath done what she could." Impaired health, and confinement to her house, oftentimes for long months together, prevented her from doing what she otherwise would have done. But when health permitted, she took delight in conducting Bible classes and prayer meetings among the women and children, and in teaching them to read, in visiting their families, in looking after their sick and administering to their wants. Many a sick and suffering one has found relief from her simple but judicious prescriptions, and the gentle services of her hand. During the last summer that she was able to labor, she conducted a Bible class on the Sabbath, with the women of Kessab, at which from 50 to 70 were present. On Wednesday she conducted a prayer meeting, attended by about the same number of persons. And on Thursday she rode horseback over a mountain path fearfully rocky, and in places, fearfully steep, some 2 or 3 miles, to another village, and conducted a prayer-meeting with the women there. And bitter tears were shed in those villages when it was told them that they would hear her voice of instruction and of prayer no more. In many respects, she possessed peculiar qualifications for the missionary work. Easy, affable, social, possessing very unusual conversational powers, and speaking the language of the country with great fluency, she could adapt herself to times

and circumstances with wonderful facility; and she was equally at home in the palace and in the cottage—among the educated and refined, and among the rude and ignorant. And was everywhere equally welcome. To be perfectly contented in any place and in any circumstances, she wanted simply to know that she was just where Providence had cast her lot. In her wardrobe, and in furnishing her house and her table, she had little regard to appearances, or to the changing fashions of the day, farther than not to be thought singular. But she did have the most careful and conscientious regard to health, comfort and economy. And the patrons of the American Board may rest assured, that not one dollar of their funds was ever wasted through any agency of hers. Nor was her economy something akin to parsimony, or an avaricious, hoarding disposition. Nothing could be farther from it. She was absolutely a stranger to every thing of this sort. She never laid up, and never sought to lay up during the 19 years of her missionary life, one dime for herself or her children. Having food and raiment, she was therewith content. And for the future she was willing to trust Him who clothes the lilly and feeds the raven, and was as free from anxious care about a coming day as the very birds of heaven. After coming to this country, and while her husband was in vain seeking some place where he might labor and provide bread for his family, her constant and cheerful remark was, "God will not suffer us to starve." But she was anxious to know and to do the divine will. She considered herself as the servant of God, and she fully believed that while she did his work, he would supply her wants.

But it was not simply by active service that she accomplished her missionary work, but by passive suffering as well. This is always much the more difficult of the two. It is much easier to fulfill the will of God by *doing* than by *suffering*. But hers was in great measure a mission of suf-

fering. And the revelations of eternity alone will disclose how much her meek, patient and cheerful submission under sore and long continued infirmities and trials, may have done to honor religion and commend it to those among whom her lot was cast—how much those infirmities and trials may have tended to exalt and ennoble the congugal relation, by giving occasion to the thousand little acts of tenderness, kindness, sympathy and love, to which they were strangers. Certain it is that in the midst of those trying scenes, there was an exhibition of domestic virtues and christian graces, such as the people for whom she prayed and labored had never known—such as was a wonder to many —such as was often the subject of remark long months afterwards. And it may be doubtful, whether as a missionary she accomplished more by her active labors, or by her quiet, cheerful suffering. The example of a christian family in storm and sunshine, casting a clear light over masses of domestic follies and miseries, was a powerful auxiliary to preaching, and if the latter was blessed of God to the benefit of the benighted, it is certain that the former was also.

But her work of doing and of suffering on earth is done. She early entered the service of her God and Redeemer. She had toiled hard and suffered much. She was weary, not of, but in the service of the Master. Her children she had faithfully brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and was spared to them till they were beyond the age of tender and helpless infancy. She needed rest, and the Master has called her home to his own blest abode—to that house of many mansions, where there is

"Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.

"Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye,
Through those parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh."

And as she never while on earth expressed one regret that she had spent so many years on missionary ground, or one complaint that so many trials fell to her lot, so I doubt not but she now finds that she never suffered one pain too many—that all her afflictions did but prepare her for higher enjoyment and glory in the world of the blessed. There sweet be thy rest, weary one. Sweet be thy rest from toil and sorrow, pain and sin. Sweet be thy rest in the very presence of Him whom thy soul loved when on earth. Put on thy spotless robes of immortal health and beauty. Tune thy golden harp, and, with all the ransomed of the Lord, ascribe blessing and honor, and glory and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever.

MRS. SARAH L. POWERS.

[Lines written by a friend on reading in a letter the words: "We buried her in Stockbridge, by the side of Louisa."]

How vividly does memory recall
Those two young sisters, as long years ago,
They dwelt together in their pleasant home
Among the Berkshire hills. The one a fair
And gentle maiden, beautiful in all
The softened grace of christian womanhood;
The other still a child, the household pet.
Ere long Louisa left her parents' home,
To shed the beauty of her gentleness
Upon another home. A minister
Of Christ had won her to his side, and she
Went cheerfully with him afar to dwell
From early friends and kindred. But not yet
The spring with song and blossom, had returned
A second time, when to her native vale
She came once more. Not as the absent wont
To come with joyous welcome to their home;
Not with the pride of her young mother's heart,
To show her first-born—but all still and cold,
With pale hands folded on her gentle breast,
Whose throbs of joy and grief for aye had ceased.
She came but for the privilege to rest
Beneath her natal sod.

And Sarah grew
To lovely womanhood; her nature, gay
And buoyant, chastened by the heavenly grace
That early upward drew her hope and love.
Nor long she lingered in her childhood's home.
The Saviour called her, and a human voice
Joined with that call, inviting her away.
And far across the sea she gladly went
To do her mission. Where Olympus rears
His snow-crowned head above the gleaming spires
And vine-clad plains of Broosa,—or afar
On Euxine's lonely shore, or in the vales
Of sunny Syria,—everywhere the light
Of christian woman's love and hopeful trust
Shone steadily and brightly in her home,
Making her husband glad amid his toils.
Nor only there, but on the darkness round
That light was shed. She went among the poor
And ignorant, and taught them Jesus' love;
And who can tell how many a lost one found
Through her meek efforts, yet may shine as stars
In her bright crown. At length she came,
Wasted by sickness, back again to die
In her own land. Yet was her smile still bright,
Her spirit buoyant, as she moved once more
Amid the scenes her youthful steps had trod,
And though so swiftly passing upward, she
Could throw a parting gleam of joyousness
On the old home, which there for many a day
Should linger as a golden memory
In hearts so soon to be left desolate.

And now the sisters side by side repose.
From West and the far East they came, to sleep
Together in the peaceful valley where
They played in childhood. The green hills they loved
And climbed with agile footstep, o'er them throw
Their kindly shadows, and the winds that breathed
Sweet music in their girlish ears, now soothe
With plaintive requiems their last repose.
Sleep on in peace, companion of my youth!
Enshrined within my heart, thy memory
Is pure and fragrant as the dewy breath
Of summer flowers. And thou, my sister, linked
With memories of the past and other lands,
Which in my heart forevermore must bide.
Sweet be thy rest amid thy native shades!
Thy toils and wanderings for Jesus o'er,
"He giveth his beloved sleep." And they
Who mourn for you in lonely homes, shall soon,
Loved sisters, come to rest beside you. Soon
We all, poor sorrowing pilgrims, shall lie down
To our long sleep. God give us then with you,
To join the ransomed band whose golden harps
Send forth no wailing measures, but one song
Of rapturous joy—"All glory to the Lamb,
Who from the power of sin and death for aye
Hath us redeemed."